

Approved by
Z.C.
 ZINES CODE

SM50

BIG SEXY
 * **7** **50P**
 STINGE BAGS!

BEATS OTHER ZINES WITH THE UGLY STICK!

SKATE MUTIES

FROM THE **5TH** DIMENSION

protected widely by patents throughout the world



I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE ☐

THE
 MUTANT
 WALKS
 AMONGUS

SKATEBOARDS ROBOTS and GUNS! wot more do you WANT?

HERE'S A STRANGE THING

ARE YOU SAYING HE IS THE CREATOR?

STRIPPING YARN!

THOSE STONKERS SOCKING IT TO YOU ARE:

THE MARK

CHAOS "SEX CRIMES" MOUNTAIN
HOGWASHED JO BREAKDANCE
TANK-TOP HACKENWARPED
BEANO "THIGH BONE" MCDRAW
VERNON WEDDING TACKLE
RETARD BOGLE MAN

GRIMIC RICKO SWEDE
SLUG SLUG CRISPIN
WILSON PICK-SHOVEL
HAILSTONE NOTTY ASH
PHYSICAL DAVEY

ATTENTION! CALLING ALL SPACE
ALIENS IN CHOCLE BOBBLE CARS!

FLOG S.M.5.D FOR DOSH!!

Yes breadheads, we are in the position
to offer you HARD CASH for flogging
Muties. Wholesale rates start at a
mere 5 copies, we pay postage and
there's no need to pay till yah flogged.
Some offer HUH! Write bloody fast for
details!

"THAT ALIEN IS A
BOUT TO TEST US"

ADVERTISING

Now is the time to place an ad with
us, so gaining instant street cred.
With a circulation of 5,000 can you
pass up the chance of flogging your
record, magazine, sexual aid to our
lucrative readers? Contact for dead-
lines, rates and Ad sizes.

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U.K.: For £3.50 you'll get six issues
plunked on your doorstep as...regular...
as...uumm...when it bloody comes out!

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badge - £1.00/4 I.R.C.'s/\$2.00
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/\$9.00

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where it counts!) Money Orders/Cheques
made out to "S.M.5.D" in U.K. currency
only! Cash of all currencies is fine
if its cunningly hiddeed and secured!

HOT DOG
JUMPING FROG
I BUNK BELGIUMS!

CAPTAIN FURY
I LOST MA
HEAD! BARBON!

MUTIE MEN ALL PRIMED AND
PORKED
THEY'LL CUT OFF YA HAIR AND
LEAVE YOUR KEBABS UNFORMED!

YOUR
OWN

"AM I--AM I
DYING--OR
GOING
BACK TO--"

S.M.5.D.

6, DEAN LANE, SOUTHVILLE,
BRISTOL, BS3-1DF, U.K.

STARS IN ANIMAL PASSION

TAKE MY
MEAT
CLEARER
MAN!

O.K.; O.K! Take that shooter away from
your deformed bonce, get yourself outta
the gas oven and put sleeping pills back!
We're here at last, all ZONGED up with more

bite than rabies-infested Rotweiler and
wittier than Noel Coward on bad acid!!!
Yes, we does know we promised to emerge
every two months regular as buggery. But
what the Milton Keynes! We've got other
things to do than entertain all you thrill
starved mongs! Full on journalist we is
not, so plonk that in your pipe and toke
on it!

As you race through the plush paging
you'll see a new feature or two. A
heart-wrenching "True Romance" photo
strip with enough passion to make a grown
man break down bawling and a loada tosh
on MOUNTAIN BIKES, a current mutie band
wagon we climbed aboard. So feast you, peepers
on it and write or draw something if it
gives ya a stiffy and see ya again in the
late summer with changes that'll turn
water into Jack Daniels! Now try
and get your 50p's worth, 'oosen.

your trousers and WATCH SOME SKY CUTTIES

THE MUTIE SQUADRON

RIDDLE
ME REE!



MIGHT AS
WELL FACE
IT IN
ADDITION
TO TART
COODLING!

SNAPPER
FISH ATTACK!
DUCKT
SERVE COVER!



100% Pure Meat

FACTS! the remarkably amazing
and utterly wondrous

rejoice, make pots of lolly, cos' I truly know what the Kids want!! So the jolly skateboard man from the magazine was saved from the depraved beardo, whose face was much reddened, and the mag lived happily after, well for the next few issues, anyway... **TIVEST GERKO THE MAN FROG!!**

STUPTIDS HERESY.

IT'S WAR OFFICIAL!!

YES MUTIES bring you the EXCLUSIVE news from hardcore battle zone! IT seems that THE STUPIDS, everyone's favourite whipping boys, and HER "Network of friends" ES Y are

Top skaters quit Olympics

currently involved in a slanging match of untold ferocity! The bands first came to blows at a London show when KALV, Heresy's

hunky dreadlock bassist and ED "I don't want to be a social worker" SHRED had a violent barney about the STUPIDS using their own bouncers to, some what harshly, chuck pesky stage divers off during their set. Next the STUPIDS received a smashed-to-fuckery copy of their "SOUNDS" Freebie! through the post, together with a particularly venomous note which was traced.

ugh the post, especially
ularly venomous note which was traced
back to GUESS WHO???

Now the STUPIDS have sworn on their
twinkies to reap terrible revenge. Will
it be shooters? Gangs? Beatings with
sticks? Who knows? But this is
EXACTLY, we say, the sort of thing

**Police halt
the 30mph
whizz kid**

Whizz-kid POLICE officers watched in amazement as the

Doing 30 mph in the middle of the road and totally out of control, he was arrested.

Yesterday the 13-year-old boy from Kidderminster, Worcestershire, was allowed home with a caution, but he could have faced prosecution. It could have been a legal problem but we decided to

him off with a very stern warning," said a senior officer.

The boy who was caught was travelling at 30 mph, and officers could not believe their eyes, he said. Sooner or later there could be a very serious accident.

It would not suggest young drivers should not use skateboards, but that they should be warned.

LEADING SKATE SALES REP

LEADING SKATE SALES REP

IN PROZZIE SCANDAL!
We know the names, the floozy, and the revolting sexual imprints and if the gentleman concerned doesn't wish the sordid facts to be revealed then bloody

UFF SAID.

2 FRENZY FOR P

LAGER FRENZY FOR PROS:
(FUCK ME! OR WIGRAPE A TREE!)
Folks have informed us of the real reason behind JESSI MARTINEZ and NATS KAUPAS' visit to our humble shores. Although they come to skate, do a bit of shopping, some more...

WHO'S FOR HOT-DOG? see Buck House shopping, skate and make out

with girls the really biggest factor in them accepting an expenses paid by trip courtesy of ROLLER money bags "MANIA is the PUBS. Yep the said two Venice boys are fascinated with the thought of frothy warm beer, Olde Englishe landlords and the fact that some even have ramps in ale houses! So if ya wanna meet the duo. It's

rk' Start looking under the

THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT!

Now then kiddy winks, pull
up a mushroom, roast your chest-
nuts and gather round while we unfold

a not-so-fairy tale...
Once upon a time there was a jolly old
hippy who used to run a "SKATEBOARD"
magazine back in the far off days of
Saturday Night Fever and Bad haircuts.
The 70's. Now he thought to himself,
"Crumbs! This skating lark is on
again well popular! I shall gather
myself some unpaid peasant labour
and relaunch my cheesy old mag!" But

one detail stopped him. Being an old married fart he had no READIFS! So off he did waddle to the dark satanic mills of LONDINI-OG town, to see an old beardo chum who had lots of luvverly piles of money and

lets play...
SOGGY BICCHY published lots of lovely magazines
The old beardo, who had been for the kids
and really 'right on' in the sixties, welcomed
him with open arms and said to him "Very
ily! I shall publish your magazine of
skatee-boarding and shall ask only a few
little changes, honest!" But all was not
as it seemed! For the old beardo had been
corrupted by the white powder he shoved up
his naughty old hooter and was now overcome
with producing magazines of naked ladies,
many of which were of under deflowering age,
and also wished to turn the jolly old
hippy's magazine into a kiddie poster

BIG BOYZ!
LITTLE BOYZ!!
BOUNCING BEE
DA CATS IN THE
MICROWAVE +
THERES ACID

HA-HA! HAW-HAW.
HAW! HE'S FINISHED
—THROUGH FOR GOOD!

RIBBA! RIBBA!



les, later there could be a serious accident.



THE STRONGEST MAN HERE!

Multi-color ape designs
 pissed off and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. But to his rescuer came Sir Yuppie of big Bucks who said to him; "Fear not! Bugger the pery beardo, let him do his poster magazine shilling."

him do his poster magazine
and work for

MUTIES IN MODELLING CAREER SHOCK!

Would you credit it? And, even more, would you believe it?! Whilst out on a vastly muddy Mountain bike ride, certain Muties were spotted by a Big Wig from cool-as-fuck bike manufacturers SPECIALIZED.

Now it seems, he said company wish to feature us in a well glossy ad surrounded by busty maidens and quality bike tech. So next time you're browsing through the porno's in SMITH'S take a butcher's at BIKE magazines, you never know who'll you'll see.

I slapped his puffing face



a head-on collision could have you fainting ...



You could end up with a face like a abstract Painting!!

DISCO MORONS TO CASH IN LEAK!

A minor at the STOCK, AITKEN AND WATERMAN empire comes to us with some well juicy gossip! Whilst on a "find some spammie lass to make hit records" trip to the States the three tubby chumps were howled over by the skaters they saw in the West coast. Now they have plans to produce a stonking great "summer hit".

EERIE SKULL FLASHLIGHT
Featuring oodles of sampled skate sounds like grinds, airs and slams, plus spliced up "sunny" type hits like the BEACH BOYS. Add to this a video of hellishly harsh skating and what with the reintroduction of flares (HOORAY) Fashion victims are gonna



have a bitch of a time deciding whats "IN"!!!

QUOTE OF THE MONTH!!

"I BET THAT HOSOI GETS A LOT OF CUNT"

Bristol skater commenting on the chick attraction of a certain Yankee pro.

MAN WITH BUCKLE
MAN WITH BELT!!
KIPPER WHIPPED BY
HAG COVERED IN FELT!

RAMPS A GO GO!

Lazy sods in the NOTTINGHAM area can now attain hot vert. action with-out the 15 mile trek to the "GREASY SPOON" ramp on the Leicester to Notts road. Cos it's fucking been shifted ain't it! Now its centridally located in a cheezy old warehouse, a visit to "SELECTA DISC" should prove location fruit-

ful as their long-haired assistant has the exact location. Get to it.... Staying in the impoverished North, MANCHESTER now has a well spooney ramp the size of several bull elephants!! Located under the gigantic SPLIT SKATES store on Church St, it's well worth a visit. So pop in, buy a sticker and say we sent you...no doubt you'll get a slap across the chops for your pains...

Lastly down in the well to do South, BRISTOL may soon have its own ramp/hangout/drug-den in the shape of a, praise the lord, disused church. More titbits on that the next issue.

I don't have friends. GOOD!

POP STARS IN SKATE CRED PROBE-

AGAIN! Following on a long line of "lets get into skating as its terribly young and hip luvvie" pop star malarkey, is one TERRANCE TRENT DARRY. "FEZ" has been spotted getting in some dawn training down at South London Latimer Rd ramp and first

GIANT 10-FOOT RUBBER SNAKE!

reports say old big cake hole is not half bad! We reckon its only a matter of time before a "Skate for Baby Jesus" badge appears on his somewhat gaudy leather jerkin... Talking of Murie products in the public eye, we don't wish to scoff but (sounds of head swelling) Did you

see those ace young poppers THE WONDER STUFF sporting "PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE" shirts on late night T.V. Big cred, AYE! Also loopy states group DESTROY ALL MONSTERS were seen sporting "WATCH THE SKIES" badges on Saturday morning k's tele!... Now if only MICHAEL JACKSON would wear the "SKATE, SKATE, SKATE LIKE FUCK" badge

PLENTY MORE FUN IN NEXT PAGE...

IT'S A DIRTY KNOB BUT SOMEONE'S GOTTA CHEW IT!

we sent him....
That's the lot this time, all gossip,
law suits, and embarrassing tales are
welcomed with open arms but remember
keep it dirty!

J.J. MUCKSPREADER

**I DON'T LIKE YOUR
ATTITUDE! --LET'S DISCUSS**

BIG TALES FROM

**CLOGGIE
LAND!**



HEY!! HOW
COME YOU
ENGLISH ARE
ALWAYS DRUNK!

I..WANT!..MY..UH..!
FUCKIN'..DISCO..GANK!

LET'S SEE THE
BUMS DIE!
SHOW US
SOME ACTION!!



We left spiffy old Bristol some-
what gang-handed in a van ready to fill
up with second hand clothing goodies
galore. Why? Because Amst-rdam was

I'm going to the pub for a shi!

The fucking album is out! HOSE THAT GIRL!

SPAZZTIC BLURR



So go buy, beg for, steal, or at least listen to it... you'll be craving!

EARACHE RECORDS P.O. BOX 144 NOTTINGHAM NG3 4GE U.K.

our destination and "Queens Day" was
the main event on our program. The
Queens Day (not a lot to do with raving
homosexuals I add) is the only day of
the year when Mr and Mrs Clog can
sell anything on the streets they wish,
so the cobbled streets are awash with
stupidly underpriced gear just waiting
for enterprising Breadheads to ship back
to Blighty and chalk up stonking

A quick hack and slash. A little peeling.



BUT THEN AGAIN
MAYBE I'M GONNA
BUTCHER YOU
UP HORRIBLE!!

It was only a quick session, as sex,
drugs and dosh called in the form of
Amsterdam.... After a few hours we'd
met up with a few local skaters who
provided a place to stay! And a ioggins.

I bit him. Then again!

Good thing to, as Amsterdam is as pricey
as LONDON and with beer prices at 60p
a third pint you'd soon get brassic
with-out a free crash spot. We stayed
TUTCH STIVER CONT OVER
YOU DEAD BODY!!

Yes - we've got a very acrobatic guard-dog

Profits!! After a blinder of a time on
the "Everyone get pissed quick and run
around exposing yourself" Ferry, we
arrived, heads throbbing in HAARLEM.
A flat town in a flat country. So
abusing the ample street terrain was
in order. Most roads have foot high
banks on either side and all curbs are
well awash with nice slidy paint. A
streetsman's wet dream, for sure.
After tracking down an "OLDE ENGLISH
PUB" (Pah!), to this foreign muck says
johnny tourist) we hear tales of a
park with a half pipe. Plans are made
as we visit the numerous SKATE/SURF
shops. Bronzed buggers who ride the
water waves predominate here, HAARLEM
being coastal flavour. Next day we hit
the park- which was a strange old 70's
affair with a well tight 7ft trans-no-
bottom half pipe with PLATFORMS no
less! Rootsy stuff. Added to this was
a 7ft quarter pipe and PAINTED concrete
banks and you get a weird (and bloody
slippery)ride. Blood was spilled but



Could you wipe the first stick from this sausage, please?

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

BURGER KING

You offal-robbing bum-bandit!

With a bunch of coach wielding hippy travellers whose two buses joined together provided flowing beer all night. With powerful hangovers under our belts the next morning, we decided to head for the BUTENVELD half pipe (catch a tram from CENTRAL STATION and don't pay unless an inspector gets on then

pretend to be a dumbass tourist, which you are anyway!) Whilst shredding away our hangovers we mer more locals (friendly bunch Johnny Clog) who told us about a street contest at the RAI CONFERENCE CENTRE the next day. In

answer to our query as to why the half pipe was deserted they said most Amsterdamers preferred street skating. (cor, they don't know when they're well off, passing up on a 4ft high bitches of vert, 16ft wide ramp. Spoiled for choosin' or WHAT) Next day with three

THE CRACKERJACK VIGIL OF DEATH

days of hard drinking catching up on me, I elected to enter the street comp, perhaps not such a good idea in retrospect (hangovers made by the devil make you do dumb things though). I entered the "B" group and my run was short, violent and painful. The jump ramps were too piddling by our standards and the curbed topped quarter pipe was the scene of most body destruction.

Hobbling away, Britains good name in tatters, I recovered by soaking up the harshly loud P.A. hardcore delights and watched 300 kids murder each other for a sticker. (yes sprogs and sticker tosses are the same the world over) The "A"

group was won by a black bloke with vast dreadlocks who busted 6ft high ollies off the jump ramps and juicy 360° slides on the flat. Everyone agreed he should have won and most definitely watch out for this guy. I'd have remembered his name but the wacky baccy is so incredibly unreal over there... well y'know.

Amsterdam is a street skaters paradise - banks and painted curbs abound and ramp malarky is great cos they're deserted. The locals are friendly and nearly all speak english (and thats what us tourists like, admit it!) The coach

WOMAN ATE 142 CONDOMS

fare is but £36.00 Return and you can find a Youth Hostel or room for about £3.00 a night. Add to this, dope available on every street corner, 24 hrs drinking and a jolly rude Red light district and what in VAN DYKE VAKS name are you waiting for? Get over there, pack your beret and shades and get mellow and lose yourself in the most easy going "no-one-wears-a-tie-honest" Town in the world.



MARINE CORE! MARINE CORE ARE GO! YOU EAT THE BRAIN + I'LL HAVE THE TOE!



YES, WHAT FRAT



PEACE THROUGH



Es SNaIL Breath

YEEH POWWW! Studio Bristol blighter. Now there's us expecting a handful of punk has-been punters turning out in the crumpled zippy trousers and receding spikey hair and whatta do we get, for Nobby Styles sake?! A fucking multitude of gummy basin-headed transpotter types with freshly purchased S.L.F r-shirts stretched over their fizzy pop and Mc.Donalds guts. Crazy

huh! We even had to pay full price, cos of the throngs, instead of conning cheap tickets out of gullible sprogs. Spooney it was not! In we tumbled, cursing our lack of foresight, about to part with our wedge for LAGER-U-LIKE when the first bars

How To Breakdance

Learn secrets, spins, flips & flashy footwork. Step-by-step instructions for Headspins, Handglide, Wave, Pop, Lock, Maniequin, dress, crew dancing. 128 pages. Illustrated. With Champion Breakdancer certificate. Send \$3.45 + \$1.25 shipping. (\$4.70) Johnson Smith Co, Dept. 3302, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043.

of "Alternative Ulster" struck out like a ghost from the past or some poetic old trollop like that. Bilge! It's only 9.00. Are these boys keen! We plunge into the dandruff and B.O to secure a beneficial position to gaze on "Jolly angry-Punk", 10 years on. OH, NO! NO! NO! It's cabaret time. Back in the (wipe snot from eye) "old days" when amphetamines, cider snake bites and badly amplified sounds made a gig, you couldn't tell one S.L.F number from the other. Noise it was!! Jake Burns, their wobbly necked singer would lose his glasses, his voice and then his memory and then forget all the words.

The FAMOUS CHICK with THE FRENCH NAME

but it was fiercely good and cut considerable amounts of mustard. Now look at the buggers. A squeaky clean set of crowd pleasing raves from the grave, playing with "we-luv-ya" grins and far too much professionalism. Even the "fist" salutes looked like they'd been rehearsed to the n'th degree. Add to this, they all look ancient and the bassist is a big fat bastard who's probably a milkman on civvy street and you have a nice earner for S.L.F. But minus...um... "quite a biuddy lot-matey!" on the Richter scale. Out of the flabby crowd we prize

Decapitated Head Kit

ourself and out of ears reach as the band start into another old "fave" which has the audience wetting their very un-designer trousers. Out-side we're assailed by swarms of "LOAD-SA-MONEY" merchandize hawkers wagging tour t-shirts in our depressed mushes. We would have pinned down these vile working class wide boys and defaced the faces on the t-shirts with dollar signs, such well thought out jibes but we forgot to bring our permanent markers... otherwise we would've honest! Mind you thank a trout we did go in - in one way!

The Freedom Of Milton Keynes

Otherwise we'd have attended the 999 gig the next day, which we shall leave to the "Kevins", "Spikes", camouflage jackets and the cordoroy bondage trousers brigade as they seem to lap up this "OH...ERR!-Behind-on-the mortgage-payments-lets-do-a-"10 YEARS ON TOUR" sort of knob....



#SNORKYERTWATLUV?!



Laugh with masculine ferocity.

Well I'm sitting here in school feeling very bored, so I thought that I could kill some time by writing to you and telling you of our skating exploits yesterday.

On Bank Holiday Monday 2nd May, prior to the Belfast Marathon, there was a 4 mile "Fun Run", in which over 4000 people young and old alike, participated.

Myself, (the infamous TOSH TAILSAVER) FREAKY FERG and the COOKE MONSTER all got up at the unearthly hour of 6.30 am and we kitted ourselves out with S.M.S.D (no advertising please!) shirts and groovy shorts and made our way to the starting point. On arriving there we mingled with all the spectators before finally managing

Racehorse and bambi pie in pigs blood gravy

to sneak into the competitors area complete with boards (i.e. we didn't pay the three pound entry fee- ha,ha!) The looks we were getting were great!

"They're under skaters orders, and they're off!" The first half mile was really only a walk, and a wave your deck at as many TV/newspapers cameras as possible time.

However, on hitting town and the City Centre the sticks went down on the ground and it was time to have some serious fun!

Anybody caught shouting "Cheats" at us would be greeted by an "accidental" elbow in the pecker and a chorus of "PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE"!!!

At the two mile mark there was a lovely long down hill slope, so we just skated right down it at full speed, trying (unsuccessfully - ha!) to weave in and out of the runners!

"Skate Har-assment" Time - One of the officials approached me and told me to get off my board but with the shout of

MORE BELFAST BOTTOM OF NEXT PAGE.

MUTIES THE KIDS HATE YOU"TOP TEN

1. BEN ELTON
2. THE BASTARDS BEHIND THE "HOLESOT" SKATE SHOW
3. THE TOWN PLANNERS WHO PUT UP TREES AND SHRUBS INSTEAD OF NICE CONCRETE BANKS
4. S.L.P
5. SIMON BATES
6. ANYONE DUMB ENOUGH TO BUY A NINJA SCOOTER THINGY
7. THE PEOPLE WHO SAND PAPER THEIR PADS TO MAKE THEM LOOK "GNARLY"(THE KIDS CAN TELL YOU KNOW)
8. GOTHIS WHO HAVE COMMON ACCENTS AND SMOKE PUFFY FOREIGN CIGARETTES
9. SLIMY LOCAL RADIO PRESENTERS WHO INTERVIEW PEOPLE ABOUT THE "SKATE CRAZE"
10. ANYONE WHO'S BEEN TO SAN FRANCISCO- WE'RE AS JEALOUS AS BUGGERY



It all started when I was a pup...



fucking great Thermonuclear fat lad's bum Do you feel remote from ordinary working people?

LOOK it BLOODY COMP TIME!

Oh dear, It seems our typist has taken too many mushrooms and bugged up the names of the following famous skaters. Can you help the poor sod get them right and win yourself a SPOONEY prize.

NUTTY KALIPER
SAWN OFF
STEAM TAXI CAB AND AERO
POINTY STICK HILLOCK

TOADY ALBINO
MUCKY GONGOLOID
DRESSY MARTINI
TRACY PER SMELTER
TOMB GORILLA



We've got five fabby DR AND THE CRIPPENS LPS to give away plus a whole shitload of "Terminal Mutation" stickers. So get your puzzle heads on and winners will be announced in #8. Alrighty!

Belfast BullSome more ma Son!

"These are very nice Madam - Skate like bloody fuck" I left her in a very irate mood!

Good 'Ol' TOSH TAILSAVER used a bit of initiative on the last stage (much to the annoyance of the other two nurds) and felt very proud of himself. You see I spotted a mate of mine on a bicycle and after threatening him with my deck he finally agreed to 'tow' me along. The speed I managed to pick up was bloody amazing (faster than people

JOIN THE G.I. JASON CLUB

...sprinting), though I was flipping tired out! I was able to wave 'Queen Mother' style to all the crowds who went on to laugh at me - fuck'em!!

The finishing line was now in sight (Ferg and Cookie still about 1/4 of a mile behind me!), and in true skaters style I did a wonderful ollie over it, almost crippling some bloke!

After nicking two crates of 'free' (well, I'm not really a thief you see) bottled spring water, it was time to 'lead back and enjoy the rest of the day skating - though it did start to bloody well piss!!

So there you have it then - a truly boring account of three dicks' day out.

Luv Ya Fash Tail-saver

MAN KILLED BY INDUSTRY! MAN KILLED BY FAGGOT BEE'S



know your SUB-CULTS

An essetjal THRASH THRU da twilight World of skate TRIBES



the whipper snapper end of the cults and probably the most pooh. Tends to hang out in large noisy gangs, all performing crap 1 inch ollies and constantly jibing the most obese member of the gang (usually nicknamed "Tubs"). Sprogs invaded every piece of skateable terrain in school holidays, hopelessly trying to emulate photos from "THRASHER" and getting crushed

as you land the granddaddy of all bonelesses: Sprog boards are always squeaky new, in the gawdiest colours and have a habit of slamming into the back of your ankles. When not cluttering up the park, sprogs will be found purchasing junk food or being bought more useless bits of board plastic by their mummies.

10 DISPERSE Slink upto them and whisper "Have you ever seen a grown man naked?" or, "The local skate store is giving away free stickers to the under 16's"

THE FREAK Usually terminally unemployed so will be found bumming around skate parks, scrounging fags day and night. Freaks come in twos and threes and spend most of their time "Hanging Out" (i.e sitting on their bottoms drinking beer) or doing piss easy carves and grinds saying that they "REALLY FLOW with the environment like, man. Many wear silly sunglasses come rain or more rain, an their decks, battered as a Mike Tyson opponent, are held together with carpet

Cervix with a Smile



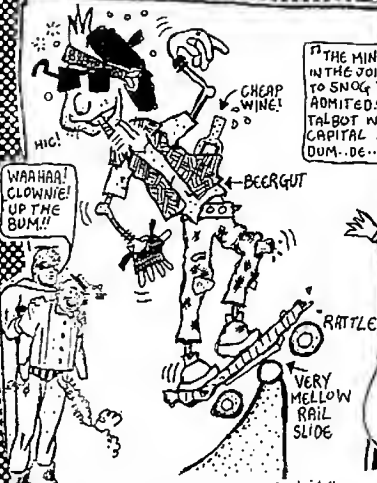
Bedtime Story for Sensitive Little Ones

tape, rizla papers and a prayer to one of their silly hippy gods. Often they are behind these so called "Skate Jam/Comps" and although they'll state they're bloody Anarchist or whatever, they enjoy bossing sprogs around and making a packet to

Shaggam

warfare. Fanatics have horribly short tempers and will fling, with raging hate, their boards at passers-by, have a screaming fit and tantrum and turn the air blue if their FINGER-tip-air-to-air bollock-hard-re-entry is not 100% perfect. They own ultra light up to the minute boards which they treat with god like reverence and have every flash accessory known to modern man (i.e. fur lined designer skate jock straps and N.A.S.A tested 100 quid a throw lace guards) When not making you feel crap at the skate park they'll be 'ound losing temper and being perfect at the coast with a surf-board.

GUTS



"THE MINUTE YOU WALKED IN THE JOINTS... I HAD TO SNOG YAH TILL YOU ADMITED... THAT PORT TALBOT WAS THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL!! DUM-DE-DUM-YEAH!!"

PLEASE! YOU MUST HELP ME! YOU MUST!

TO DISPERSE

Perform lots of silly tricks in front of them and giggle a lot while they skate, as they have zero humour, or slip a double vodka in their Athletes "NUTRIENT" appliment" as they're all boring straight-edge bods.

THE LOCAL

Can be found at any decent skate spot, swaggering around, pretending they own the golf and generally being butch. Locals are the least likeable of all the cults and

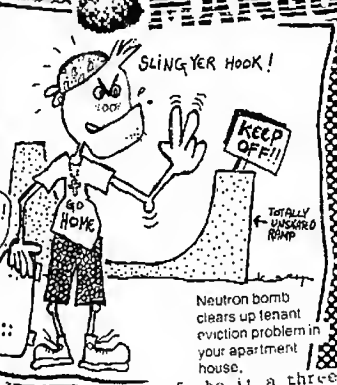
MANGO

support their dubious drug habits. Freaks, though offensive in appearance, can be jolly useful to know as they usually have "knowledge" of vast quantities of very cheap and very "HOT" skate gear. So for the price of a can of "Kustrel Bastard Strength" and an introduction to your kid sister (as all freaks are sexually depraved) you'll get a handy, but a bit pongy, contact.

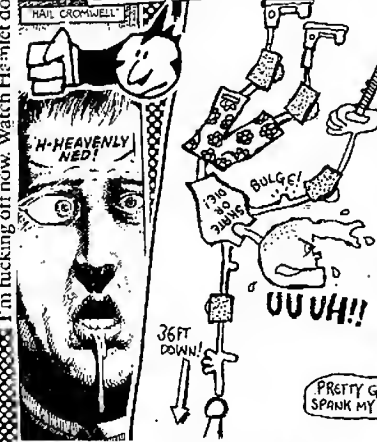
TO DISPERSE

Phrases like "Shit, Lore come the pigs!" or "MIND if I play my Rick Astley cassette VERY LOUD" will work. Also try substituting carpet cleaner for their beer (mind you it's doubtful if they tell the difference)

SOAKED AND SEXY



THE FANATIC



anyone imposing on their turf, be it a three year old girl on rollerskates or their mum calling them to tea, will be piss taken, well justified and given a middle finger to "suck on". Locals tend to dress American, cos U.S. ramp nazis are their heroes, so expect a good whipping with a wet bundana and more cold shoulder than a butcher's fridge if you dare to impose on their patch.

TO DISPERSE

Short of levelling their spot with a bulldozer and cutting off their feet there's little way of seeing off this type. You could try sticking on



a little moustache and goosestepping around them (thereby guilt-tripping them) but as they couldn't give a flying toss about outside opinion you're onto a losing horse there.

These are the sort who live, breathe and shit skating and will skate every day come snow, typhoon or bacterial

Walking into posh pubs, programming the juke box to play Elvis

I'm fucking off now. Watch Hem-Id doesn't slip you one

DA

OLD RUDDLES BLADDER-NOGGIN

MOUNTAIN

BIKE

EXPERIENCE

Did you think a WISHBONE was something you pulled with Granny after Sunday dindins?

Does DOUBLE BUTTED CHROMOLY sound like the latest Danish porno import?

Is SPECIAL EPOXY POWDER something you put up your nose at seedy parties? WELL, if you answered yes to these questions its time for you to get wise to... "DA MOUNTAIN BIKE EXPERIENCE"

Yes, this issue us MUTIES seek to rip the mysterious shroud from these mighty stallions of steel and give you, The Kids, the low down on what makes them tick.

JUST WHAT ARE THESE

STRANGE MACHINES???

BASICALLY MOUNTAIN BIKES (or MTB'S) are pushbikes designed for on and off road riding.

But what makes them different from my RALEIGH GRIFTER? I hear you shout... Well, try riding over a fallen tree or up a fifty-great-year-vertical mud bank on one of them bleedin' antiques and you'll bloody well find out!

But this is just what MTB's are made for with their strengthened alloy tubing (i.e. CHROMOLY) and specially designed joints (i.e. DOUBLE BUTTED) these tubes are strong enough to take even the most gnarly of obstacles, and light enough to whack on your shoulder and carry when the going just gets TOO tough.

CHEAP WHAT ARE DRUGS?

VISUALLY

the difference is wheels, tyres

and handle-bars. The wheels on the MTB are slightly smaller than your average racer, this makes acceleration faster and handling easier on rough ground.

Tyres come in all different shapes and widths from thin'n'flat street jobs to huge great knobbly ones that really sling the shit around, these are the best cos they give your bike that "Chunky moon-buggy look", as well as being well grippy. MTB handlebars are straight, which means you don't spend half your time bent double over the front wheel, like on drop style racera and are easier to handle, unlike those cheesy "cow-horns" or "apehangers".

would after my death like medical students

to make rude comments about my obesity

A TALE TO MARVEL AT

IMAGINE IT! A WORLD GOVERNED BY QUALITY SNACKS!

BANG

AHHH I CAN'T TAKE IT! SIXTEEN HOURS IN A WANKING SHIRT! NO! PLEASE NO!

PLANET OF THE APES

PLASTIC GRAPES!

THE WILD SHALL REMAIN

PEDAL POWER TRACTOR AND TRAILER

ANOTHER MEGA difference is the gears, these space-gadget biopeds have not 10, not 12 gears but 18 gears. (That's 3 cogs on the front and 6 on the back, SHMUCK) The gear shifts themselves, are on the handlebars just with-in thumb range, instead of on the lower frame. This gives the obvious advantage of not having to take your hands off the handle-bars when changing gear. Imagine screaming down a not-too-bloody flat forest path, dodging the trees and you have to take one hand off the bars and reach down and change gear... HOSPITAL TIME!

BUT WHY ARE THEY SO POPULAR??

A year or so ago the MTB's you saw were ridden by YUPPIES, COURIERS and CYCLE FAG TRENDIES. But now they're more widely available and more people have been bitten by the MTB bug. "ONCE KIDEN FOREVER SMITTEN" as the T.V ad says. More and more people are swapping their racers and CHOPPER TOMAHAWKS for a piece of the action. I mean what can you do on an old fashioned bike except ride from A-B via a well surfaced road, and bugger all else. How many times when you were a sprog did you wreck your bike 'cos you tried "scrambling" it all over the woods? MTB's can go any-where you want'em to, the only limit is YOUR bottle.

YOU WANT NAMES? WE GOT NAMES

NATIONALLY there are 4 main types of MTB. There are other makes, but these are not yet available everywhere. These 4 types should be sufficient for the virgin: SARACEN/SPECIALIZED/MUDDY FOX/ RALEIGH

Prices vary from £150 to £1000. There's little point in listing all individuals as you can get a more accurate estimate from your local dealer, but it's not worth spending less than £250, if you do you'll not be getting a MTB just a useless piece of shit that looks like one. Remember in most cases the more you pay the better the frame and components, and the longer the bike will last. (so don't be a cheapskate shmucko!)

RALEIGH £150 to 250

As mentioned before there are MTB's and these are bikes that look like MTB's. RALEIGH MTB's are alright if you want something to ride to the Squash club and back, but are not robust enough for rollocking

PUNK GEAR



ASK DA **QUACK** savage junk, ferocity



QUACK

WIV DOC MALLARD

hog

bottom

slop

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All Your Skating Problems Answered

TROUSER TROUBLE fatal gouging, Dear Quack

You've got to help me with this really embarrassing problem I've got. Everytime I ride my skateboard on some really gnarly terrain (i.e a cobbled street) my whole body vibrates. But thats not the whole problem, the strange thing is I get this horrible swelling sensation in my underpants and then I get all overexcited. Is this normal for a 13 year old,

Yours WORRIED SICK Compton Dando

DOC: Well sick, don't think theres a lot wrong with you downstairs really! Try reading some of your old fellas "Adult" magazines and see if you get the same, ahem, stirring. You'll soon get to the **ROOT** of your problem!!

DADS A LAD!

Me and my brother are having a real hassle with our dad at the moment. Not for the usual reasons, you know, won't let you stay out late, stopping pocket money. Quite the opposite, our Dad is too enthusiastic!! He insists on driving us to the skate park all the time, talking to our mates and making really corny jokes (He says he can "relate to the Kids") He even borrows our boards and has a go. All this is making us the laughing stock of the park. Please advise us about what to do.

Yours red-faced Tristan and Luke CAMDEN

DOC: Bit of a Credibility problem here bros. Try egging him on tu do a really harsh trick and hopefully he'll crack his cranium and be off your backs for a few months. Other than that get your buddies to call him a "Wet, liberal museli-crunching, limp-dicked BASTARD". He'll soon get the message.

B.M.X PUZZLER SOLVED

DEAR DOC I reckon I've found the perfect solution to getting rid of those pesky B.M.X-ers who clutter up cool skate parks. Take a leaf out of "SCOOPY DOOS" book! Invite all of them to a free "MIDNIGHT BARBEQUE AND SEX PARTY" at the skate spot. Dress up as a ghost, ghou, zombie, what-

A CRACK SQUAD CHOCOLATE MINTS FROM EMPEROR NESTLE

CHEESE JOKE NOTHING BUT THE CHEESEST

I DID!

CAN YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF THE ENORMOUS PURPLE SQUID SHARPENING ITS BEAK IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

PLAN X, THE MARTIAN MASTER PLAN, THEN WENT INTO OPERATION AND THE SAUCERS DIVED DOWN TO SWEEP EARTHLINGS WOULD CONSIDER IMPOSSIBLE!

dominore Gore.

NOW! NOW YOU'LL FEEL MY VENGEANCE!

SKINS

muzzle fucked.

HORROR OF PARTY BEACH

1/4 POUND OF...UM... CRISPY... HORSE FLAPS



3 PART MCHS. A HANDFUL OF LEMON RINDS DIS 15 DA. DOTON Gnarly GRINDS

CAT JOKE MEOW/MEOW/ EAT YOUR FOOD! NO!

EAT LEAD THEN! POW! HA-HA! INSTANT CHINESE FOOD!

ever and then chase the buggers around with a bloody great knife! A bit of "SLICING AND DICING" doesn't go amiss either! Yours Happily Tommy "THE RAZOR" BOYCE BROAD MOOR HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

DOC:Yes,....not really one for the faint-hearted though "TOM"! But definately a FINAL solution.

MAN FROM THE MINISTRY

QUACK: Whilst enjoying a rad days sport down the local half pipe, a gentle man with a strange hair-cut approached me. Producing a I.D. card (WHICH looked uncannily like an out of date driving licence) he said he was from THE DEPARTMENT OF SKATEBOARD INSPECTORS and that my stick had to be taken away for it's yearly M.O.T. With this he relieved me of my skate and gave me a receipt saying "1.O.U. one" and gave me a receipt signed M.MOUSE". Now my skateboard signed M.MOUSE". Now my problem is do you know the address of the said department as I haven't seen head nor tail of my board since? yrs hopefully Adrian Wiffle CANTERBURY

DOC: Ah the old "SKATEBOARD INSPECTORS" yes I think you'll find them at "HOT ROWS SECOND HAND GOODS, THE RAILWAY SIDINGS" etc, etc... and the best of British to you!!!

HOBSONS CHOICE. DEAREST DOC

I wish to purchase a skateboard in the foreseeable future and want to know which is the more excellent make "VARIFLEX" or "X-CALIBER"??? Both have really "rad" shiny wheels, nice heavy "trucks" and witty slogans lide "LOCALS ONLY", "CONCAVE CRAZY" and "MADE IN TAIWAN" tastefully enscribed around really good drawings of snakes and skulls on the underside of the deck. Please, please help me; make the right decision! yrs SAM BASINGSTOKE

DOC: To be honest Sam theres not a lot in it! If I were you I'd take a look at one of those "FAB NINJA SCOOTERS" OR a yummy pair of roller skate boots. Lame Wardrobe! Don't come around here looking for "Quack"-t-shirts, Mr. what do you think this is - THRASHER!

Keep your letters rolling in especially the ones about sexual problems and drug abuse.

yrs Doc Mallard

roaring puppet stench

PRUNE MAN BOGLE

leaving roller skates on the stairs in Catholic hospitals

COL. BAGSHOT'S top ten EXECUTIONS

unbridled slaughter activities!

ad news out there for all you
act fans. Cononel Bagshot, that
patriarch of peculiar paraphernalia
and oracle of the obscure and obsolete,
can not be with us this issue, as he
is engaged upon an expedition of
enlightenment in Ecuador. To
compensate for this I present for
your jolocity a recently compiled
list of the Thane of Thropwark's ten
most favourite tortures and executions

THE RACK

Designed to dislocate limbs, the
degree of pain administered to the
victim could be precisely adjusted
and held.

Bagshot comments 'That's stretching
things a bit far'
Christian Martyrs

In Roman times, one method of
execution was to strap red hot plates
of iron to the victim's body, then,
remove flesh with red-hot pincers.

Bagshot comments, 'It got the
thumbs up from Nero'
More Christian Martyrs

Other Christian were covered in
pitch and set alight, to be used as
human torches for the night-time
Roman games.

Bagshot comments, 'An al-fresco
rave'
Shirt of Perpetual Masturbation

Legendary carthaginian torture
said to drive victim to an early
grave. Upon removal of shirt,
prisoners were induced to forget,
allowing the masturbation process
to be continually repeated.

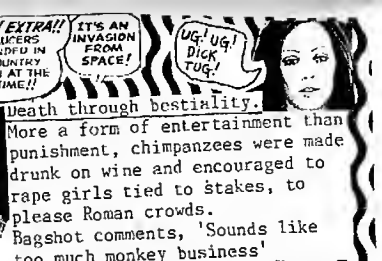
Bagshot comments, 'A sticky fate'
Newgate Prison's Press Yard

A board was placed upon the offender,
then large stones were placed on
top one by one, with crushing
effect.

Bagshot comments, 'Now that's
what I call heavy discipline'
Trial by Ordeal

Before the jury system, suspected
offenders were hung by their thumbs
with burning brands applied to their
feet, or their ears and noses were
cut off, the wounds being sealed
with a hot iron.

Bagshot comments, 'British justice
at it's finest
violent bark



Death through bestiality.
More a form of entertainment than
punishment, chimpanzees were made
drunk on wine and encouraged to
rape girls tied to stakes, to
please Roman crowds.
Bagshot comments, 'Sounds like
too much monkey business'

A homosexual's death.
A red-hot poker would be administered
from the rear, as in the case of
Edward The Second.

Bagshot comments, 'They don't like
it up 'em'
beheading Outburst
The Stake.
More religious martyrs and alleged
witches were disposed of by
chaining to a stake and being
burned alive.

Bagshot comments, 'Some like it hot'
Hung, drawn and quartered.
The victim was tied to a horse's
tail, dragged through the street
then hung, but cut down before
death. The entrails were then
removed and burned in front of
his face. Finally the head was
removed and the body quartered.

Bagshot comments, 'Chilli sauce
was optional'

All due thanks to Colonel Bagshot
for this fascinating list. Hopefully
he'll be back shortly for more
excursions into the hall of fame.

Yours,
Johnny Zilch.

aids glove

**SKATE CUTIES ARE BONDAGE FAGGOTS
SPOTTY MUSHES AND PRICKS LIKE MAGGOTS
TEQUILA FISTINGS, BUNCH OF ASSHES
JUMPING IN EACH OTHERS PANTIES**



First Place T-shirt
1+ Subscription!!
WOT A SPANKER HUH! EVEN
HAD US MUTIES BLOSHING!
..IF YOU CAN DO BETTER
THEN WACK IN YOUR ART-
WORK TO US BIG PRIZES
ARE ON OFFER HERE!...

poissed monster clothes

A Hack slash fool GOGGLE

AT OOOO! So naughty
GORE

SKATE MUTIES thang... A cretin's guide to Splatner Movies!

Righto then, I shouldn't think that there are many of you unfamiliar with the realm of "SPATTER MOVIES" but for those yet uninitiated, I'll try and splash some gore-caked insight into them within the paragraphs to follow. First off, a SPATTER MOVIE is a tangent from the horror genre. However, rather than leaving much for the imagination, as far as killings are concerned, it steps into the "Grand Guignol" theatre approach whereby the audience is stunned immobile inderment as to HOW exactly, the effects in the killing were achieved, without using a REAL example! bloody hairspray fear. The more GRAPHIC and, even, IMAGINATIVE the death, the better! Simple as that. The out and out splatter movie mogul wants to have an effective grisly death bursting from the screen at every available opportunity. (Or at least 1 do) Naturally, however, this high calibre step is outweighed by the low calibre market, and I'm not talking about Big and Low Budget films here either. Quite clearly, some films revolve around similar themes (fear of the unknown, the blood-lusting maniac on the loose, etc) The audience relies on the INTENSITY of the whole film and more importantly, how GRAPHIC the killings are. Good effects in a low-budget movie can pretty well save it and the more vividly violent the death, the better. The audience DOESN'T want cop-outs! In other words the IDEAL splatter movie does not go in for the "see killer stalk victim; victim sees killer; next scene is victim dead and killer gone" approach. That's the sorta "mainstream" stuff designed for wimps! However, it works the OTHER way too. Some films can be TOO "real" for their own sake. Realistic deaths yeah, but "Realism"no! WES CRAVENS' infamous LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT is a fine example. In it two girls are assaulted and raped, quite vividly. Throughout the most part, by a gang. The camera-work is purposely shoddy and the story - of revenge - is thin. Whilst it loses ground there though the details are outlined TOO clearly. Thankfully, however the movie has since been banned from the market altho' I'd rather it be because of being tacky than being supposedly capable of inciting the local bunch of rednecks



X-RAY GOGS

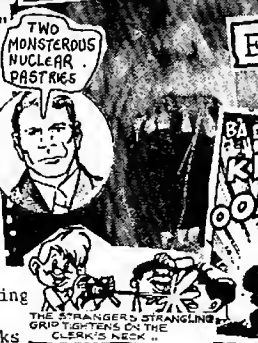
brutally steak plastered

HORROR HOLOCAUST



We love you because you're a whole lot wild and a little bit reckless and you're the man we'd all love to tame one day.

blasted mug



to go out on a jaunt of raping, pillaging and plundering! Basically, splatter-movies are your modern Era fairy tales, watched for the same reasons as a child watches a Walt Disney/Star Wars type fantasy movie. Like everything else that's cool, they're constantly attacked by the Board of Censors needlessly. It's a real shame tho' becuz I trust we ALL know the real things which need to be censored don't we? I mean, what frightens you more, some cranberry sauce spurting outta a

dummy head or the news? To round off, here's a list of some of the best films made yet. Not ALL are now available, thanks to those righteous dudes at the top, but there are plenty of CONTACTS if you try hard enough. Each and everyone of these has graphic gore and a relatively worthy body-count so INDULGE....

HELLRAISER, DEMONS (1 & 11), NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET (1 & 11), TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE (1 & 11), NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, DAWN OF..., DAY OF..., FRIDAY THE 13TH (don't bother with all the reshaped sequels though), ALIEN and ALIENS, ROBOCOOP, EVIL DEAD (1 & 11) THE THING, THE EXORCIST, AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON and NEAR DARK. Avoid the overated HILLS HAVE EYES, DRILLER KILLER, CREEPSHOW and HOUSE 11 and catch everything else in between.

Lap'em up! Ritchie Grim

IF DOWN THE PARK YOU DO NOUGHT BUT MOCK



YOU COULD END UP

EATING SKATERS SOCK!!



MORE VIVID! MORE VIOLENT! MORE VITAMINS!

Post From Da PLEBS

The worst things in life are free

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Recently my 12 year old son bought your churlish magazine and as a result of your "DRUGS" article (see # 6.ed) he sniffed all the adhesive in his model making kit and then proceeded to "interfere with our year old labrador pup Toby. Some hours later my husband found our son stuck to a very confused pup

GRAVY

covered in a sticky white substance that was certainly not the glue he'd recently been abusing! Our son is now undergoing psychiatric treatment and my lawyers will be in contact with you poste haste.

your disgusted,
Mrs Shelton
GWENT

S.M.5.D Totally unconvincing you weirdo! Who ever gets their sick pleasures out of sending hoax letters like this should come round our pad like this should come round our pad and we'll show you tricks with a tube of glue and a furry pet that would snap your mind like a brittle twig.

DEAR EDITOR

Skate Muties etc, yes, yes all very well but don't you think its time you dropped all this skate boarding stuff as its well- so passe and not in the slightest bit street anymore. Do us all a favour and concentrate on the Rock and Roll filth O.K! Cheers,

"I FEEL NAUSEOUS!" A SCHOOLY D.Fan
S.M.5.D Ah, man of great insight and third eye-ness. How did you know we're changing the name to 'Mountain bike Muties and any other craze we can latch onto from the 5th Dimension'... and you think we're joking...

DEAR MUTIES

How do ya "skate for the baby Jesus" if you're a shite muslim like myself?

S.M.5.D Well "skate for Allah or we'll chop off your willy for the Islamic Revolution" has not the same ring about it yah bogus bastard!!

Hello, I am a group of people that live in a squatted building in Amsterdam. You may have heard about us before... We're called Van Hall, and we're alive

carnage.

EVERY PUPPET
EVERY SPROG JOIN
THE CARAVAN!
BEAT OUT DA
RYTHM ON A
ROASTED BRADY
LAMB!!

S.M.5.D

There you have it! An open invitation to go and force Europeans to listen to your own brand of ear torture. Check out the "CLOGGIE" report for more info.

I may have the frail and useless body of a woman, but I can get through sixteen buckos a night

IF THE RAMPS BEING DOMANIATED
BY A SHOW OFF SOD

LIVEN THINGS UP WITH
THE OLD CATTLE PROD

Dear Susie B.

I am re'er'ing to your letter in **SM5D** about skater hardcore types. Well obviously dearie you've been missing out on your life. Maybe you and your pussy cats are frustrated or something. Do you spend your time dancing around your hand bags and wondering whether your eye-liner has smudged or whether your perm is too tight? I am in fact a female and do indulge in pastimes that you have miased out on. Why don't you lock yourself in the kitchen 'cos it sounds as if thats where you belong. BAZ, a simpering girl hater.

SM5D Well looks like we've let the **CAT** outta the bag on this one! So come on girls tell us!! Are skaters all tight muscles and limp dicks. Or can the Fella in your life cut the mustard in the sack as well as the skate park!!!

Dear **S.M.5.D**,

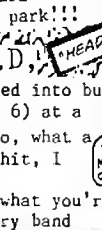
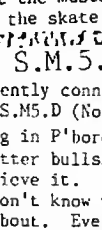
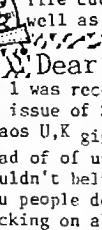
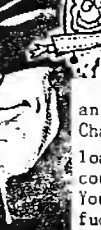
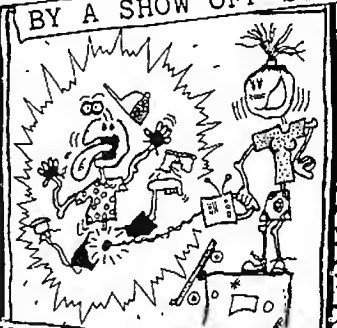
I was recently conned into buying an issue of **S.M.5.D** (No 6) at a Chaos U.K gig in P'boro, what a load of utter bullshit, I couldn't believe it.

You people don't know what you're fucking on about. Every band

I KEEP HAVING 'WET DREAMS

TURN OVER FOR MORE LETTERS OR GIE COMING!

SWEESH!





your review are either really shit or orkish. Are you ever going to review L.P.s by any band you like? I'm proud to call myself a PUNK (but I don't skate) I like all ranges of music from 76' Punk to H.C.metal, I don't think there is anything wrong in liking that

What The Stars Think About On The Toilet

range of music but you TWATS do. You're so biased it is unreal. Don't you understand that a lot of people that skate feel the same way as me? Not everybody is as BIGHEADED and biased as you SHITHEADS are. I think that your zine is full of CRAP.

The only thing I can do with this zine is use it as TOILET PAPER (in the hope it doesn't give me an infection) from,

MONSTER FLY Jim of P'boro
P.S. A lot of Punk Skaters and metal skaters agree with this letter. So why don't you all F.O.A.D. Ha fucking HA!

FREE *MONEY!!

NEW STREET ZINE(NON-COMMERIAL) SOON TO BE BORN.PRINTING,DISTRIBUTION ETC. UNDER CONTROL BUT BEFORE WE CAN COMPILE THE FIRST ISSUE WE NEED A LOT MORE INPUT + ORIGINAL IDEAS

SO IF YOUR ANYTHING TO DO WITH; HIP HOP,HOUSE,HC MUSIC OR STREET ART AND YOU'VE GOT ANY IDEAS OR BETTER STILL IF YOU COULD CONTRIBUTE(PARTICULARLY REVIEWS OF SHOWS,RECORDS,COMPO'S ETC.)WRITE TO ROBIN AT, 10 WHITTON CLOSE,SHREWSBURY,SY26HR.

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR 1stISSUE INFO. WE MIGHT EVEN PAY FOR CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED...WANTED...WANTED...WANTED TAPES OF HIP HOP,HOUSE,RADIO(LEGIT OR PIRATE)TO REVIEW .WE WILL PAY FOR THEM OR RETURN!!

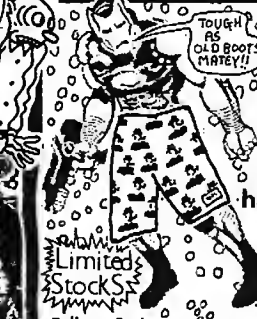
SM5D F.O.A.D? Yeah. Full of Adolescent Dross matey! If you call H.C.Metal and punk a broad range of musical taste then we're a bunch of Napoleons. Never heard of destructive criticism! Soppo tick ass reviews we do not want, leave that for other more 'NOBLE' zines we say!! LIVE SEA MONKEYS We'll keep your letters coming in, you never know, next issue we might be offering crap prizes like other magazines for printed letters (then again we'll probably make up the letters and keep the prizes ourselves cos' thats the kinda folk we are)

ALL PICTURES IN THRILLING NATURAL COLORS!



ME+MA BOY+ GLITBANGING!

its for REAL!kosher S.M.5.D.

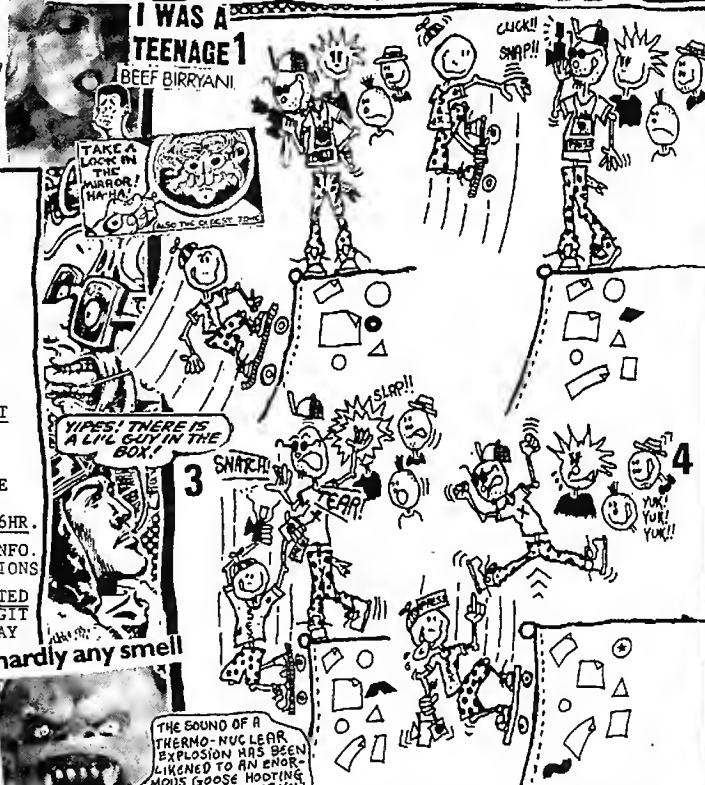


VICAR SHORTS

harmless to children Featuring
Send check or money order

- *All over 'Vicars Head' print
- *Knee length with Pockets
- *Designer label PLUS your very own 'Shorts Owner' badge
- *Black print on Green, Pink or Blue (state 2nd choice)
- *Just £16.00 (inc.p+p) from da S.M.5.D. address!

TRICKS OF SERIOUS BRAIN DANGER!



hardly any smell



PEANUT MONGOL HUNT! GO!

I Comp Snatch Air

1. ENTER A BIG COMP WHERE THERE IS PLENTY OF BASTARD HANGERS ON AND NANCY PHOTOGRAPHERS
2. PULL A HIGH AS FUCK THIR TO MAKE SURE VICTIM POINTS HIS TOOL RIGHT UP CLOSE
3. SNIFE ALL THE FANCY GEAR YA CAN AND HIS 'PRESS' STICKER WILL BE SO BOUNCED OVER HELL ACCIDENTLY HIT HIS GIRLFRIEND
4. EXIT FROM BUILDING PRETENDING TO BE A 'SLUT' FRIEND AND LEAVE TO THE DOORRY SECOND HAND SHOP PHOTO BLOKE WILL BE BUSY GETTIN NAGGED TO CHASE AFTER YAH.

Remember the bad old days when rocks all smelt of cheese? screw,vicious

COMPLETE CONFIDENCE

Dr. Who and the Shreddies of Nabisco
Doomstern Guardian of the Empire

Classified ADS

Without your help we would not have found the happiness we now enjoy in the twilight of our years.

WE can't help you, we wonder who can!

BANDS WANTED for gigs in Aberdeen to play at Thrashy/Metally/Moshy nights every Tuesday. Also Wednesday night gigs in EDINBURGH! Send demos, and info to ROCKIN' ROYSTON, 10 BELMONT ST, ABERDEEN, tel: 0224 641431. We also do all kinds of very cheap PHOTOCOPYING for skaters, punks, anarchists etc.

AN ANDROID WITH 200 LEGS

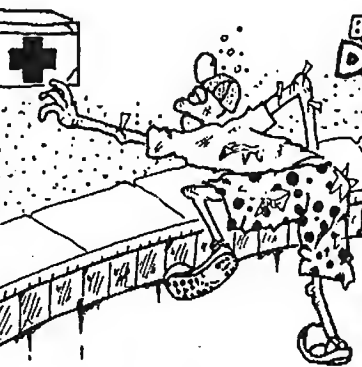
STONEHENGE FREE FESTIVAL is on, somewhere near the stones. June 17th-26th, bring food, pots, tents and musical instruments!

Hi! I'm an American skater new to the U.K and I have't met a female skater yet. So if any girls want to get together with a Freaky yank for skating, gigs and fun, write today. (enclose a photo!) Box 23.

"WANTED FOR CASH" Old toys, annuals, trivia from 60's tele programmes. Also does anyone have the "Glow in the dark" series of plastic model kits? (Especially the PRISONER OF CASTLE MARE!) Box 29.

WHEN YASKATE WHILE YADUNK YOU THINK YOUVE GOT IT MADE...

BUT BOY, YOU'D BETTER BRING ALONG THAT OLD FIRST AID!!



ENGLANDS NUMBER ONE SKATEBOARD SHOP
ROLLERMANIA
62 PARK ROW
BRISTOL BS15
TEL: (0272) 279981
10:00-5:30 Tue.-Sat.

WE EXCEED THE NEED

Any **BANDS** who would like to play in sunny ol' GUERNSEY write to Baz, 3 Brave Rd, VALE, GUERNSEY, CI or phone 0481 4809. We can guarantee fares back, but you might have to pay to get over, between £20 and £30. But we'll put you up, show you the sights, lots of sun, surf and sand, cheap fags and booze... What are you waiting for?

EAT YOUR WHEELCHAIR! **CURRENT HIP HOP** and **HOUSE** tapes (the heavy stuff) wanted in exchange for tapes of most new **HARDCORE** releases. BOX 707

WANTED, Punk badges!! Any size, any state no matter how crap. Also all your unwanted "KINDER-EGG" toys. Get rid of your rubbish for money. Box 24. A unilateral 200 mph limit for Cod.

WANTED DESPERATELY by shoe fiend! A pair of thick soled, round toed **BROTHEL** creepers in any colour except white! Will pay postage and top rate price, condition not vital but it will help if they're wearable! Box 101.

placing an ad matey?

Piece of piss ain't it? Just £2.00 for any message you want and an extra £1.00 for a box number if ya want one (which means we get all your letters then send them on to you if you don't want 4,000 sicko's knowing your address.)



We love you because you're big and lovable like a teddy bear. You play records we love to hear and have a smooth, friendly voice.

Do not pass Sexagesimal. Do not collect used plastic soup cups in the hope that they may come in useful some day.



Toadoids from the planet Neptune



THESE EARTHLINGS MAY BE SMART BUT ITS CHEEZY SNACKS THAT WIN THE DAY!!

MEANWHILE TIME WAS GROWING SHORT. THE INVADERS FROM SPACE HAD UNLASHED A FIERCE TORNADO ON HELPLESS EARTH...
SCRITCHONK!

da PARDONS Stewed Pets CREAMIE

Electric Ballroom, London

NOW THIS HAS got to be the billing of the year or I'll be raped by a dragon. Here was us, gang handed, somewhat beered up and more than just a little ready to boot some bum and you weren't so SUCK!!
"Yonks-a-lordy!! Where are the musses, the sprogs with v. expensive t-shirts, the fools in baseball caps just itching to drain our ample supplies of 3.M.5. D?? Perturbed at the thought of no mag sales - no imported lager, we got touched up by hunky bouncers, tumbled into the venue and caught on to why outside meant zero punters. The snakes were already inside, plopping away to SCREAM as the gig started a bastard half past seven. PHARRGH! Worra cheek.... The yank band were already getting full-on by the time we'd stolen a comfortable side of stage spot. Now, I don't know if it's just us, but why do spanking good "Elder" hardcore acts make one good album then get a severe attack of serious-musician-aitus??

HORRIBLE HERMAN DARES YOU TO LOOK IN THE BOX!



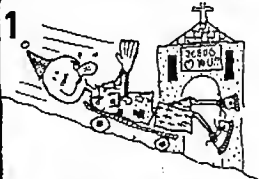
curried savagery

Then its all long hair, funky-ass bass lines and proper songs. Punk rock it is not! still SCREAM serve up their new grown-up rock approach with double helpings of gusto jumping around like speed freaks and generally appearing as happy as small beetles, so can't fault the old stone-luggers too much. Time for a sortie amongst the crowd which seems to be made up of spotty, Essex virgins, drunken French punks and horribly spammy American girls. Always the same, than find a cockney in London. But who's give you beer and Yankee girls can give you their.... Back at stage right we catch an eye-full of three hunks in a band with a rude name. And I tell you it was erections all round for us Matey! Talk about the new gods of hardcore! Boy, sweet RIFFS, pebble dash shit-hot drums and cute harmonies flow outta the HARD ONS like the sweat off the bassist's so-good-yon-could-eat-it torso See them leap. See them sing about fucking! Then shake their hair! Then sing about more fucking!

chopped tonkies

moon knob... Tonic for the troops and the double whammy hit of the night. These guys are gonna be mega-big, just wait for them to change their names to "The Hardies" or something. In times when the POP-KIDS want to thrash out with no deep and meaningless words the "stiff ones" beat

TRICKS of SERIOUS BRAIN DANGER!



Funeral Slap

1. APPROACH TRICK IN THE COFFIN POSITION DOWN A WELL STEEP HILL KEEPING EYES OPEN FOR VICARS
2. FIND YOUR UNASSPENDING VICARS AND REMOVE "SHAKE FOR THE BABY JESUS" STICKER FROM POCKET.
3. ZOOM BETWEEN THE VICARS LEGS AND GET STICKER READY WHILST SAYING "HELLO"
4. POSITION OFFICER ON VICARS PRIVATE PARTS WHICH SHOULD BE NAKED IF HE ANY KIND OF REAL MAN OF THE CLOTH
5. DEPART GIVING A LICE WINE AND SHIFF LARGE AMOUNTS OF STAIN REMOVER

Utah young girls have weights hung from their nipples - Regiona! Glut Of Family Levitation Acts!

MUTATE OR

DAI



Boot Up The Bum Winner!
YES ALL VERY NICE! WELL DRAWN,
VIOLENT INFACT ALL THE BUSINESS.
EXCEPT WE DONT WEAR BLOODY
TIES!! A SHOCKING MISTAKE!!

HERES THE REST
YAWN!! OF THE
GRIPPING GIG
REVIEW!

**fear of being accosted
by a Moonie**

all the rest with the ugly stick....
And it was with the griller end of punk
rock that we stayed as the STUPIDS,
Britains mostest hated trio, bounced
themselves on stage. Now, us Muties are
sick to the back molars of all this :
"URR! The Stupids made 13p more than they
should have at a gig" and, "They're all
yankee clones and did you know that
Tommy's dad is a C.I.A Agent working for
South Africa!" Who cares already? So
what if they make a bob or two at their
profession, so does a bleedin' bricke
but you don't call them sell-out-bastard.
(cos you're scared they'd hit you!)
So! They're a bit yankeefied!! At least
they did it first, when most bods were
still 'crass' clones giving it vese-
propaganda to the dozen. So they copy
yanks, but we all imitate somethings, theirs
just happens to be across the Atlantic
and not your mate next door!! HUUMMPH!
Tonight the put-upon threesome played a
scorching set. Plenty of new bits to
spark off interest and chunky ol ones to

blagging drunk

to keep the rather silly mosh-pit going
(where us Mutien prefer to do the I'm-a-
For once the guitarist and drummer shut
their cakeholes and let the music do its
stuff. The band offer us finest sounds
and all most punters can do is moan about
the drummer being fat and their baseball
caps being too U.S.A. The STUPIDS-ARE-
WELL-SPOONEY backlash starts here and
misery gutted puritans need not apply to
join. FOR SURE!!....
Gig over at 10.30. (would you credit it)
AND pounding it was.

Every silver cloud has a small fat record producer in it

SORRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT
BUT, HASN'T SCIENCE PRODUCED
LIFE IN

NOTTINGHAM?

Just whats going on...

figging stonks



GOAT BOYS FROM
MARS+ VENUSION
BEEMEN!
ME LOSE WEIGHT
ON DIET OF SEMEN!

Erm...erm...scene report?....
Nottingham....skating...ooh?...erm...
Right Nottingham... ah yes... a subject
rarely touched upon by the big bad
world of skateboarding, but here I am
to right this unjustifiable wrong.
Nottingham has quite a few serious
skaters who tend hang out...(oops
perhaps I had better rephrase that)—
loiter at one of the main city centre
spots commonly known to the natives
as the BROADMARSII. BANKS.. This consists
of great humps of concrete about 5ft
high with plenty of sloping banks and
some admirable artwork in the vein of
7 SECONDS. But as you might have

Find where the Marmite is in Tesco's

expected, the humps do have their draw-
backs. The first being the Broadmarsh
Security Guards who can be quite harm-
lessly avoided if you keep your peepers
open. The second being the tremendous
amount of dog crap in this area, so its
"skate skate skate like fuck, into the
side of a big dog muck" (sorry about
that but I'm already running out of
things to write and I've only just begun)

Anyway if you have any trouble find-
ing such locations go to an area known
as HOCKLEY where you'll find GRIDIRON
Nottinghams only skate shop where you
can buy some snappy gear and get the

squirted
his
BLOB!

rampantly
snogged.

**DEATH JOKE
GRANDPA'S DEAD**



**NOW YOU CAN HAVE
HIS OLD ROOM.**



low down on the other places of interest
within the city centre. TRENT POLY
has some steepish sloping walls, steps
for grids and various other interest-
ing features such as the grumpy bloke
who tells you to sod off! I think
they call him the caretaker. There is
also a dissused bowl at Hyson Green
which was once filled with sand, but
I've now heard that it is empty and
skateable, although how skateable
I'm not sure. Rumour has it that if
you go down there you'd better take a
group of chums cause it's not the
most exclusive area. (scared of the
working class ha!Ed)



Invite your friends
over for a
laughing
PRIVATE

HERE LOVERS OF STORIES, COBS & GRAY, IS THE REST OF SCENE REPORT!!

flared Dick

Motorized, Submarine

bog gob

Moving further away from Notts itself is a small town/village called SOUTHWELL: Home of WETSPOTS Records and FOOD LAVA the fanzine (well it's a free advert isn't it Southwell sux and has no serious skaters whatsoever. At the moment there's just a couple of quarter pipes and a few blast ramps but hip and trendy youth leaders may soon be knocking up a small 1/2 pipe. They also give us money to hire out Bones Brigade videos, which is about as close as I'll ever get to a bitchin' session.

yellow squirt

Yes, Notts does have its own 1/2 pipe but I'm not really sure of its location, but I do know that its on the premises of a motorway cafe next to a motorised go cart track and there can't be many of those around - can there? (clueless bastard!! Do you not live in this city or what?--Ed) Moving even further afield brings us to a rather depressing market town known as NEWARK which has quite a few regular skaters and a good little skate shop on BOAR LANE which stocks almost all your skating needs. (except for S.M.S.D)

So if you're bored one day and feel like skating in this area steer bloody of NEWARK and SOUTHWELL, no seriously folks a fun day can be had by all down it the Broadmarsh Banks. What do you mean you'd rather stay at home and watch Gardeners World. (No, "His Lordships House" sounds better--Ed) DID YOU ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST YES NO

AS YOUR OWN PERSONAL SAVIOR? ☐ ☐

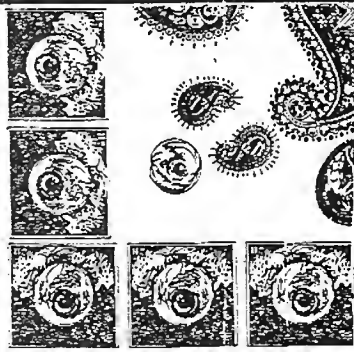
SHIRTS • BANDANNAS • STICKERS • ETC.....

SKATE GOON
BANDANNA & (below)

SIZE 22x22" \$3.25 + 1.25 S&H
COLORS RED, BLACK, YELLOW/WHITE

FOR INFO
SEND 1.00
FOR POST
AGE & HANDLING TO
ADDRESS
BELOW
RECEIVE
ALSO STICKERS....

SEND CHECK
OR
MONEY
ORDER
EXCEPT WHEN SENDING FOR INFO STICKERS



SIZE 22x22" \$3.25 + 1.25 S&H
COLORS RED, BLACK, YELLOW/WHITE

13-X PAISLEY SKULL
BANDANNA (ABOVE)

UNDERGROUND GRAPHICS
P.O. BOX 3206
BLOOMINGTON, IND. 47407

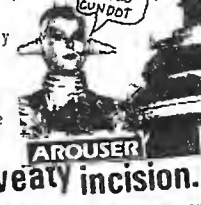
HORSE - KNACKERS YARD - HUGE PRESSURE COOKER - GLUE - USA



THWAAC



Anyone for tea?



If you're into the H.C. scene then Notts has some cool clubs, well actually it has one cool club which is the MARDI GRAS (opposite the train station) and a couple of other not so cool clubs. THE YORKER which is on MANSFIELD ROAD, and the OLD VIC TAVERN which is somewhere totally obscure.

I've probably left out loads like the fact that I was going to mention DAVE HOLLAND for a Brail. (Sorry Dave) Skate, puff or d... HALLIE

WHAT'S COOL

- OLLIES
- RAYBURNS
- SHOPLIFTING
- HATS
- THE EARLY 70'S
- FOOD
- "LOADSA MONEY"
- SAMPLING JAMES BROWN
- "HOLD" JEANS
- RED STRIPE
- LONDON
- CONDOMS
- LETTING GO

WHAT'S COOL

- SPEED SKATING
- TINTED SWIMMING GOGGLES
- TAX EVASION
- BANDANNAS
- THE LATE 70'S
- CAFFEINE
- STEPHEN FRY
- SAMPLING THE SEX PISTOLS
- SHORTS WITH "BUMFLAPS"
- NEWQUAY STEAM BITTER
- GUERNSEY
- HEAVY PETTING
- SELF DISCIPLINE

sick blasted



Levi moved like an unset jelly towards the judging ring



ITS A GIG!

Gurt Big Squat Thingy Bristol

Any event like this can be a blinding hir or a damp squib miss. The few others we've attended seem to turn into orgies of Evo-stick, 10pence bands, too many roll-ups and floors swimming with puke. Yer see its all down to the organisers- we reckon. Most of them are content to let any bunch of two-bit talentless bogles take the stage (not carnally we stress), then admit punters bearing crying sprogs, rabid dogs, armadillos

loopy acid casualties etc, etc.... Then they go off, get pissed as sticks and then start blubbing when the bands thump them cos' Mr.organisers have let the world and his teacup get up onstage and play so theres not enough time for the actual band to play!! Add to this the



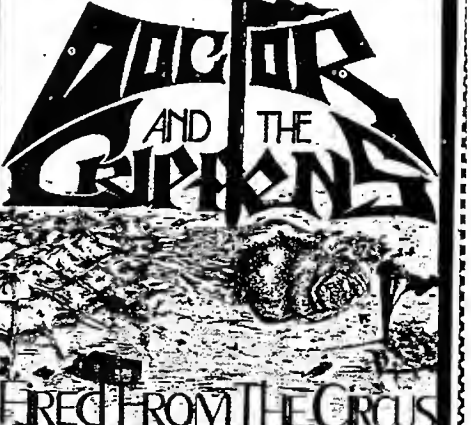
LOST IT ALL



ADVERSITY

confiscated and we tumble defenceless into a fiercely large hall complete with scrumpy bar, no animal rights stall and a food table serving nut-cutlets-type fare. Boy, have these squatter types got their KAK together....We strike up a conversation with a friendly politico type who fills us in on the scam. All the bands have turned up (SEVEN OF THEM, COUNT'EM), the p.a. is all systems go; the rozzers have been and gone, even the Electricity Board had been and given the thumbs up!! All was set for a wallopping good night in other words. We plunge ego's first into the atmosphere of cheap drink, unshaven faces, half eaten vegetable kebabs and have FUN!!!

There's bands like THE ELECTRO HIPPIES, DEVIATED INSTINCT, CHAOS UK, CONCRETE SOX in a haze of hair, grease and scrumpy. The p.a. gets well rosey but no one seems to care. It's a huge party- no one seems to care. It's a huge party- MAN..(snort! puff! gulp!) Weird people are too busy quaffing bevies, making out in darkened corners or Drug-abusing under



FIRE FROM THE CIRCUS

CROSSOVER
ADVERSITY
'LOST IT ALL' ACHE 13

DISTRIBUTION
REVOLVER CARTE

GEEKCORE!
DOCTOR & THE CRIPPLES
'FIRED FROM THE CIRCUS' ACHE 14



Manic Ears Records
P.O. Box 527, Bristol, BS30 9NS, England.
Tel: (01272) 281086

fact that all the babies are now screaming blue murder and the only dancing going on is by a pack of worm-infested dogs "slam-dancing" around the gaff and you have an enlightening but none too jolly experience. So it was with an ocean of trepidation that we approached tonight's venue (a bloody great Salvation Army Hall). But, HURRAH!! What's this, no DOGS? Says the sign. And, and... "All weapons will be confiscated." By gum, what a fine idea. If anything is worse than being chased by a manic canine, it's being chased by a man cleaver waving glue abuser who thinks you're Satan or something. In better spirits we cough up our entrance fee to a stern looking punch or shaven headed Anarchos (all Fred Perry and big boots for that PROLE look) and submit to a swift body search. Our grenade launcher and "JUGGERNAUT" vibrator are



stain glass windows stating "THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOURS BOTTOM"...well thereabouts. There's little point reviewing individual bands - cos' this is an event! A celebration of our uniqueness!!! A rogering good night with live noise and plenty of snogging to boot! So many other 'such squat events end in tears regurgitated chips and rucks-a-gogo, so hats off to CLASS WAR (everyone's fav. cartoon Anarchists) AND tonight's arrangers. They laid down a few rules, cut through the piffle and got a £200 profit for "ROCK AGAINST THE RICH", a noble(ish) cause.... PITY the bastard scrap "melt down your filling for 50p" metal merchants were moving in the next day to gut the place. Still it ain't the building, it's the people that make it. As long as there's bands, punters and organisers there'll be squat gigs. Good and Bad. So in the words of Gloria Hunniford, "Co along and you'll be pleasantly surprised!"

durex mohican runt

BLACK SHADOW
PLATTER
Party!
A MUTIE PEAK AT POP

HORROR RECORD
Terrifying, Horrible
sounds
turns Bonkers, Banned
95¢
coloured

DEATH
WITH DA
RECORD!

BARB OF
CACTI AND
LEAF OF NETTLE
IM SO SICK
OF THIS CRUDDY
SPEED METAL

ANTS
REAL ONES, too...
In Their Own ANT FARM

HERESY "FACE UP TO IT"

S: What's the title again?
H: Should have been Network of Bum
Chums or 'We love you all very much'
T: Yuk! Don't it sound pooh! Crappi
thing in the world, badly produced and
sounds like a tenth rate Stupids.

savage Mallet sucker

Ladies, Gentlemen, Children of the
teenage era we invite you to an
escapade through the world of
contemporary music with our three
tuned-in panelists, a score of
fine bottles of "FARMERS TITTLE"
and a wedge of Black plastic that
bids for your attention and your
wallet. And if you're still not
put off by that most pompous of
intros, get your mince pies round
this lot.....

BALTIC PEAS!
DEAD SEA
TUNES!
I'LL CHOP OFF
MY TONGUE
FOR THEM NINJA
MACAROONS

DOOM "WAR CRIMES IN
HUMAN BEINGS" LP

SEX CRIMES; URR! Really pathetic
cheese out cover, all black and
white, dying people and pictures of
their drunk mates on the inside.
THIGH BONE; Sounds very much like the
son of Antisept and Discharge, in
fact it could be the grim-faced
dischargers themselves.
HACKENWAPED; Except no silly "Two
monstrous nuclear stockpiles" type
lyrics.

T: Must say if you dig this sorta all
out thrash thing, then its quite swell,
but its too doom-laden and cider-
drinking-punks for me.

S: A bumble bee in a match box sound
and I'll probably get my head punched
for saying that.
(Peaceville)

SPUNK BUBBLES "SPEAK
LEBONESE OR DIE" E.P. 12"

S: OR speak english and die or gibberish
or mongolian. Title would have been
funny two years ago.

H: Really clodhopper clumsy drums with
jangly guitars, sorta mixes good old
rock and roll with thrash.

T: A punch up between the DECENDANTS
and THE COCKNEY REJECTS Australian
style.

H: Too many girlie backing vocals
for me....

T: (Clearly amused at his own wit)
Running down the beaches OI! OI! OI!

S: (Joining in) Shorts and flippers!

H: All very nice but wheres the
direction? It seems aimless. Wheres
the sound, like, going?

S: Off this bloody record player
for a start!

T: That'll do nicely.
(Waterfront)

HIGH ON A
HILL WAS
A LONELY
GOAT HERD

THRUSTING VIBROS

BONK!
HELP...
BONK!
ME...
BONK!
AAGH!

Jet crap!

CLASH JEANS (Bondage Style) Lots of
pockets and zips. Colours: black, red, d.
green, grey or khaki.

IT CAN'T
BE!
I'M AFRAID IT
CAN'T BE!
THE WORLD READY
FOR THIS CHEESE
METAL

WHITE FLAG "SGT PEPPER" L.P.

H: No! More long hair and even a spot
or two of make-up!

S: Hey but its real spanky! Poppy
hardcore, sort of psychedelic, with cow
bells! And any band who use them can't
no be bad.

T: Their thanks list has GEN.X, GERMS,
X-RAY SPEX sorta stuff. HURRAY!

Corking good stuff!

H: Even a "BEATLES" cover version, these
guys are fun to listen to and have REAL
humour and not just pooh pooh jokes for
change.

S: A summer smash could be? But on a
tiddly record label it'll probably sink
into oblivion, pity.

(Wet Spots)

HYPE "BURNED"

H: Jolly jolly jolly really swirling
sound. The sort of music punk cossack
dancers would get down to.

S: Are they German, they sound it?

T: Either they're Germans impersonating
Americans or Americans pretending to be
jerries...

S: Usual...hmmm...European sound. I
find the boggies up your nose. Hacken-
warped, a lot more rivetting really.

H: Bastards! You have no taste! You'd
have probably said the SFX PISTOLS are
a bad STOOGES rip off!

T: But they were!

(sound of large rubber toy bone bouncing
off THIGHBONES head)

H: GRRR! I reckon its fab and you can't
be a real punk unless you buy it!

S: That's a very ugly snot you have
left nostril.

(rubber bone is once again heard to hit
head)
(We Bite)

durex
Allergy

punk nostrils

O.K! YOU YOUNG GUNS! GO FOR DARKEST OF THE REVIEWS

heroic tarmac teeth



LES THUGS "ELECTRIC TROUBLES"

S: Diabolically lets-be-arty-so-people don't-think-we're-thicko-punks front cover...

H: A 10 pence tribal intro as well. (music starts up and music STARTS UP)

ALL: I SAY!

T: This is it!! Not so much your Hardcore, more your Kosher punk this...

H: And not a long hair cut, checked shirt or "death skull" in sight. Excellent driving sound which is totally unique for France as they usually put out the worst garbage in Europe!

S: Music to dance around your bedroom to and smash all your old toys up too! (panel has a quick jig but the demon drink has taken its toll and the record player takes a tumble. Order is restored but minus one "Les Thugs" album. Much sobbing is heard)

NEGATIONE

"little DREAMER"

H: NEG-A-ZOID? NEG-A-ZI-ONLY? Bloody hell never can pronounce these Italian Johnnie's names.

S: Tragically metally thrash....

T: Not over the top, all the same. It's a bit P.O.R (PUNK ORIENTATED ROCK) but spiffy enough to grow on you...

H: Like genital warts maybe!

S: Crumbs better watch what we say or we'll all end up with horse heads in in our beds.

T: Yeah lob it off and get Deviated Instinct on, I'm dying to get that over with. (We Bite)

DEVIATED INSTINCT

"ROCK AND ROLL CONFORMITY"

T: (looking at sleeve) nice piccy of that puppet bastard Windy Miller with a chainsaw.

S: More long hair and drunk mates pictures. God these bands must all be using the same graphic designer.

H: What's this? Sick! Sick!

S: "Trumpet music" with a chainsaw over it.

T: Bet it goes down hill from there (sounds of the first song!)

S: Oh Thigh, how right you were!



T-Shirt+Stick of Liquorice Winner!! TALENTED BASTARD OR WHAT! TOP MARKS FOR THIS GRAVE EFFORT! FANCY YOUR CHANCES? SEND IN YOUR FEEBLE BITS!!



We love you because you write the sweetest songs. You love us because you've said so. We love you for saying what you think, in words and in song, and for doing what pleases you



CHAMBER HORRORS



Victim Loses His Head! Really Works!

Just another wicked thrash metal squib with nought to do with Hardcore.

T: No rhyma, no gutsy riffs, it's got no balls.

H: Yeah, like a cardboard cut-out of a band, every intro you think - heard this before.

S: Summons up the smell of unwashed denim and cheap beer. Like to see them live but in your living room they don't cut the mustard...

H: Just the cheese! (Chainsaw)

SPAZZTIC BLURR

"AFTER THE ALBUM"

S: Rip roaringly bad cover with these Yank cheezers dressed up as toffs on one and as "bag" women on the other.

H: Stupidity maketh the band! Loads of crap sound effects, penny whistle and silly voices.

T: What MONTY PYTHON would be like if they had any sense and weren't faded old cunts.

S: Free form hardcore with the fastest chord changes these ears have ever stumbled upon.

H: Funny as fuck sleeve as well..

S: Arr some do say that "Dig" the label boss stuck pictures of himself in the photo collage on the inner sleeve!

ALL: Scandal!

T: No more EARACHE freebies for us! (Earache)

HELL BASTARD "HEADING FOR A NEW ETERNAL DARKNESS"

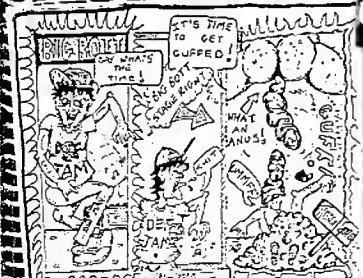
H: More like heading up their own asses!

S: Here we go again, slow gungy intro, under rehearsed drum rolls - then....

T: CHUGGA! CHUGGA! CHUGGA! METAL!

S: I suppose it's what the metal kids want

Songs about M^c Donalds, cock-thrusting guitar solo's and a singer with throat cancer.



crumpled glass hammock

Freddie Mercury is not a homosexual.

automatic beer goggles

STAR TIPS!

THIGH BONE; DR AND THE CRIPPEN
SPAZZTIC BLURR, WHITE FLAG
SEX CRIMES: WHITE FLAG, SPUNK
BUBBLES, LES THUGS
HACKENWARPED: LES THUGS, HYPE,
NEGATONE

ALBUMS TO PLAY FRISBEES WITH
HERESY, HELL BASTARD

FROM
Lippo iPPo

Scene Report
From IPSWICH

TAKIN
ABOUT
MYTROST
FOUNDATION

"SWEET HOME IPPO" **turd overdos**

Shan't try to write in fancy jargon
that ol' Hooverbrush and the like
do in this "S.MUTIE" thang, but instead
will tell you what you **REALLY** wanna
know about our dear beloved IPSWICH.
Well, the sun always shines, Guinness
is fl.18 apint, and them wonderful
SPACE MAGGOTS live here. The **MAGS'**
12" from VINYL SOLUTION wittily
entitled "YEAH... LOVE IT" has been

out awhile, wowing established musos
clear across town with it's level of
rockin' coolness. Of course other
bands Vinyl Solution douchebags
PERFECT DAZE live heretoo, and THAT
particular bunch of drinking buddies
will have a 12" called "REGULAR JAIL-
BREAK" available from said record la-
in a few weeks. **PAY MY FEES**
(WID SHACKS OF CHEESE)

You wanna hear more? Well, other Ippo
bands include UNDERTONES wanna-bes
THIS SIDE OF SUMMER, rad superbad hard
core jazz funk Ska-Punk-Rastas
COOLEST RETARDS, a couple of gothic
monstrosities called IRON CHICKEN and
STALAGNINE, and EVEN a few more beside
They can all be heard on a comp. tape
called "NO HEAVY POSING" that I'm
selling to dubious looking muthas for
£2.50 and of course a S.A.E. On
the zineage front, the only paltry

offering currently doing the rounds
is my scruffily-typed, poorly set
out wad of scratchings called
"SMASHED HITS", and issue 9 is
slowly crawling around town at 20p
a throw. I think that's about all
the space I'm gonna get so I better
stop. Write us all a note here in
Ippo and we'll send you a S.MUTIES
flyer (cos I've got about 3000)-
thats all. **Lurve-**
RETARD BLONDIE HEAD
64 Chatsworth Drive,
Ipswich.
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

**hulking
cockpit**

STORK
PODGERS
OF MANY MUSSES
HERES DEM MOTIE
REVIEWS! MMM!

T-Shirt Winner!
Yes a well put together
piece but a costly it look
a bit familiar? THRASHER

SPAM! SPAM!
MORE FUGGIN
SPAM!

SHEAL OF
BRASS! HEART
OF GLASS
KICKS ME ASS

**ALL
PLASTIC
ASSEMBLY
KIT**

SICK JOKE
**I NEED MORE
MEDICINE!**

HERE'S A
CLINICAL
CURE!
BONK!
PUT HIM
OUTTA HIS MISERY

DR AND THE CRIPPENS
"FIRED FROM THE CIRCUS"

H: Humm... More gruff vocals and a guitar
sound like a ring chips.
T: Hey, give it a chance. It's got
the dumbest lyrics since the Ramones.
Listen "No vitamins in the food you
eat, go give yourself a treat, I
know something thats packed with iron,
Eat your Wheelchair meat!"
S: It really grows on you, poppy but
thrash, really snappy tunes and a singer
with a bit of sass for once...
T: Though it does sound like he's
trying too hard. Mind any band that sings a
about gardening is O.K in my books!
H: And what a wonderful sleeve, looks
so familiar??!
T: (red-faced) O.K! O.K! So I
designed the inner sleeve. But I
gotta earn a crust you know!
Times is hard! It's alright for
you bastards with jobs...sob...sob...
(with this the panel becomes dis-
jointed. Accusations of "Rigging"
are bandied about and a certain
album has huge willies drawn over
it. Lets just say a certain
"network" would not be pleased)

**GREEDY
BANK**

lageder bunk neck!

Flick a switch and the
blade comes down
beheads victim
works over and over
again.

THIS MAN IS A BLEEDER.

**X-RAY
VISION**
**SQUID IN A
TANK
WANK IN A
BANK**

he was hung like a fucking donkey

SPOOKY BANK

HORRIBLY MUTATED HARDWEAR T-SHIRTS

THE TWO TROLLOPINGLY FAMOUS DESIGNS are still mucho available on XL white screen stars for the stylist we have the S.M.5.D in stubble black. While for daylo freaks we have the P.M.D in PINK or GREEN and BLACK. £4.50 and £5.00 are the going rates - people.

SKATE MUTES



5 DIMENSION

BACK ISSUES

you hopeless bastards who've missed out can be transformed into lucky buggers, 'cos we have still got issues 4,5,6 up for sale at 50p each. But remember (put's on carpet salesman voice) stocks are limited.

LOOK! SPACE
ALIENS... NO
SMALL SNACK
ON EARTH MAY
NOW BE SAFE!



POSTAGE

UK: T-shirts, 40p each, the other stuff, as much as you want for a 22p P.A.E.

EUROPE: T-shirts and BADGES, £1.00 or 4 I.R.A's.
All the other stuff 2 I.R.A's.
U.S. PRICES INCLUDING AIRMAIL POSTAGE
T-shirts \$14.00 Both types of stickers \$3.00
Three back issues \$4.00. Set of Badges \$3.00.
All money info on page TWO
WHOLESALE
Get in touch for larger orders and cheap rates!

NEAT STUFF



THESE MUTIE BOYZ IS AS HARD AS CHEESY FOOTBALLS

SEX! SEX!

PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!



SKATE MUTES 5 DIMENSION

TOTALLY OBSESSED



COLORFUL MAGIC ROCKS



£1,000 will be forfeited to any charitable institute if the originals cannot be produced or any thousands others at our office.

NEW POSTER!

Put some sass on your bedroom wall with an A4 size poster of the front cover of this issue. Youra madam, for a yummy 35p.



BADGES

FREE Karate Practice and Nerve Center Chart

Obscenity and humour can sprout from your jacket with a mutie badge. Coming in a variety of garish colours, they'll set you back 25p or £1.25 the whole set.

NEW STICKER



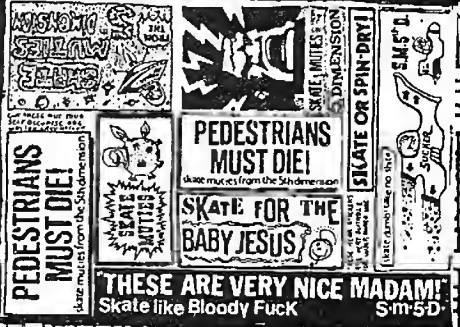
I WAS A VICTIM OF BUNGO BEARS ABNORMALLY LARGE PENIS!



STICKERS

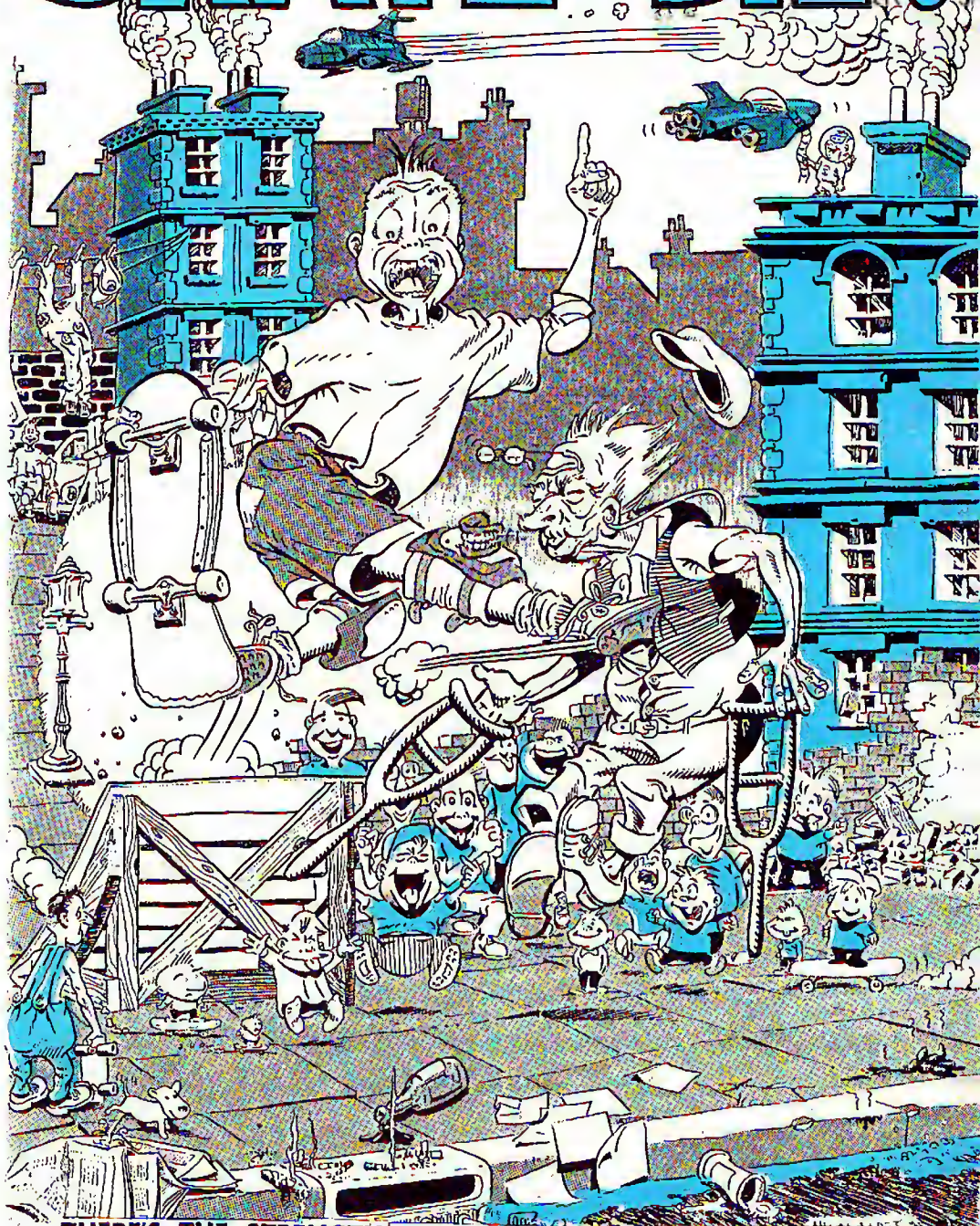
ALSO AVAILABLE AS A BADGE, 25p or £1.40 for ALL SEVEN!

At last the skate sticker that makes the rest look like bollocks: TERMINAL MUTATION comes in FULL COLOUR and sells for 50p. And still up for grabs are the stingy-bugger-sheet-as-big-as-this page paper collection of stickers. (below) At 35p you'd have to have curry for brains not to purchase.



WHY NOT MAIL IT TODAY?

SKATE OR DIE!

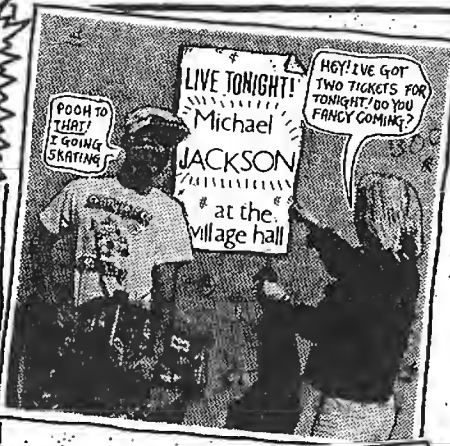


THERE'S THE STRENGTH OF A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS

PHOTO **LUV!**



DARREN AND SHEENA HAD BEEN GOING STEADY FOR A WHOLE THREE WEEKS. BUT SOMETHING WAS MISSING FOR SHEENA, DARREN WANTED ONLY ONE THING: SKATING!!



LIVE TONIGHT!
Michael JACKSON
at the village hall

POOH TO THAT! I GOING SKATING

HEY! I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS FOR TONIGHT! DO YOU FANCY COMING?



THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME! OH DARREN! I LOVE YOU BUT THIS "SKATE CRAZE" THING IS COMING BETWEEN US!!

BOOT BO

CITY RULE

KNEE UP



SIGH!

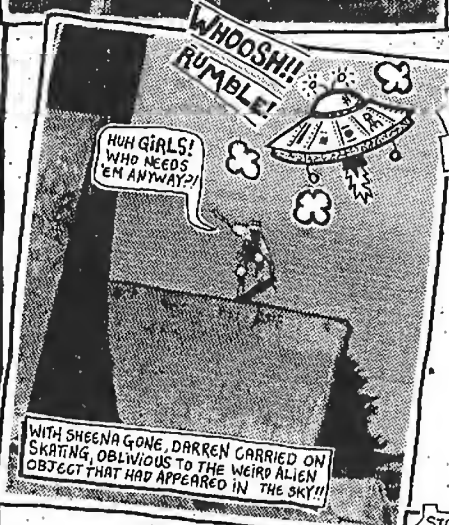
COM ON SHEENA! I NEED A REALLY HOT SESSION!!



DOWN AT THE SKATEPARK... WE!

LEAP!

PAH! TO HIS "AIRS" - "GRACES"! THIS IS DULL, DULL DULL! I'M GOING TO THE OFFY FOR SOME "PIG" LAGER!



WHOOSH!!
RUMBLE!

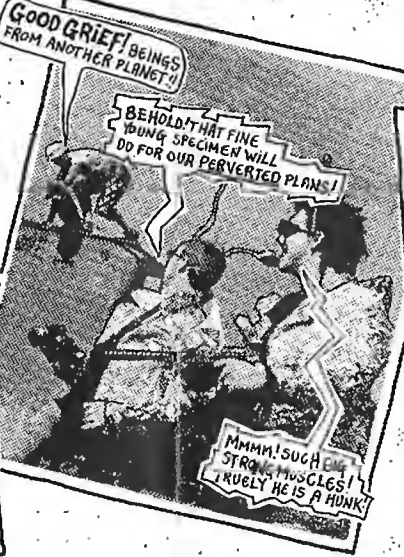
HUH GIRLS! WHO NEEDS 'EM ANYWAY?!

WITH SHEENA GONE, DARREN CARRIED ON SKATING, OBVIOUS TO THE WEIRD ALIEN OBJECT THAT HAD APPEARED IN THE SKY!!



WE ARE FROM THE PLANET URANUS! OUR UNMORAL MISSION IS TO CAPTURE MANY VIRILE YOUNG MEN...

YES! WE HAVE MANY "HCE! HCE! EXPERIMENTS" TO PERFORM!



GOOD GRIEF! BEINGS FROM ANOTHER PLANET!!

BEHOLD! THAT FINE YOUNG SPECIMEN WILL DO FOR OUR PERVERTE PLANS!

MMMM! SUCH STRONG MUSCLES! I HOPE HE IS A HUNK!

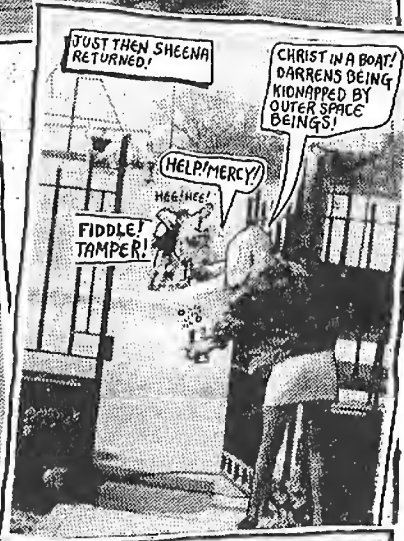


AH! EARTH CREATURE! YOU ARE POWERLESS IN OUR GRASP!

A BLAST OF THE ALIENS "PARALYZ-ON" RAY HAD BOUGHT DARREN CRASHING DOWN!!

SREAM!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS BUT EXCITING!



JUST THEN SHEENA RETURNED!

CHRIST IN A BOAT! DARREN'S BEING KIDNAPPED BY OUTER SPACE BEINGS!

HELP! MERCY!

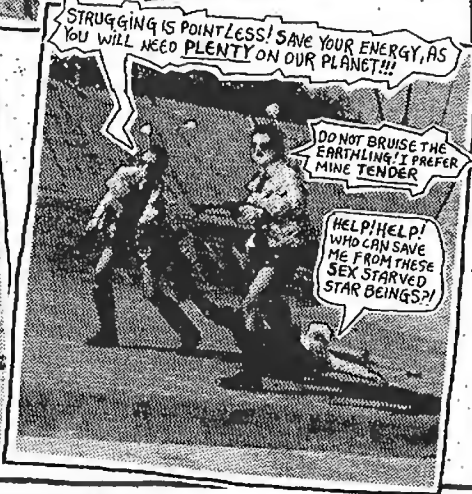
HEEHEE!

FIDDLE! TAMPER!



FUELED BY THE VEROCITY OF "PIG" LAGER, SHEENA DECIDES TO TAKE DRASTIC ACTION.

GRR! I TEACH THOSE SLIMY SPACE CRITTERS TO MESS WITH MY FELLA!



STRUGGLING IS POINTLESS! SAVE YOUR ENERGY, AS YOU WILL NEED PLENTY ON OUR PLANET!!

DO NOT BRUISE THE EARTHLING! I PREFER MINE TENDER

HELP! HELP! WHO CAN SAVE ME FROM THESE SEX STARVED STAR BEINGS?!



SUDDENLY...

EAT DECK! SPACE SICKOS!!

BONK!

HUGE OLLIE!



G-ROAN! THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS OBVIOUSLY SUPERIOR! WE MUST CALL OFF OUR INVASION!!

WOBBLE!



OH DARREN! ALL THAT HANGING AROUND THE PARK TAUGHT ME A TRICK OR TWO! AND SAVED OUR LOVE!

PAH! TO SKATEBOARDING! SEXUAL INTERCOURSE IS THE NEW "CRAZE!" FOR ME!!